THE MERETRICIAD.

Meretricem ego item esse reor, Mare ut est, quod des, devorat.

PLAUT. Truc.

The FOURTH EDITION;

Revised, and Corrected, with large Additions.

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THE

MERETRICIAD.

IMMORTAL DENHAM in far earlier times,
Tun'd this ſoft maxim in melodious rhymes:
That mild *Parnaſſus*, nor her milder ſtreams,
E'er made ſome poets, or the poets themes;
For many ſure there are, who've ſung, and ſing,
Yet never ſip'd at the *Caſtalian* ſpring,
Which plainly proves the Muſe, the poet made,
And now invok'd for ev'ry Dunce's aid:
So to avoid the beaten path of old,
I'll make a Muſe,—if not as good,—as bold:
And ſince ſhe's modern, to protect her name,
Have ſtole her from the *Drawing* Rooms of Fame;
She's no *Caſtalian* water-drinking Muſe,
Champagne, and Burgundy, ſhe quaffs profuſe:
Nor does ſhe naked rake about the groves,
With hair diſhevell'd to bemoan her Loves,
Nor does ſhe like a vulgar *Latin* Muſe,
Tramp through the woods without her ſilken ſhoes;

Far ſofter carpets grace her ſteps, and ſeat,
Softer than *Sylvan* moſs to ſavage feet.
And if ſhe chuſes to indulge an hour,
It's not in th' umbrage of the darkling Bower,
But on a couch of regal feather'd down,
Where fooliſh *thought* ne'er introduc'd a frown.
Ch—'s the Muſe, who dare aſpire to riſe,
And pluck the di'monds from the ſtarry ſkies:
O had the Poet half her amorous fire,
He'd raiſe her triumphs, and his note the higher.
But he'll invoke, while invocation's juſt,
To ſpur his pen, as *Venus* ſpurs thy luſt.
Then deign dear Matron, *Widow*, Miſs, or *Dame*,
Two, all, or either, or which is thy name,
(For thou'rt in life a myſtery, not in trade,
Yet if approv'd the better,—*honour'd Maid*,)
To aid an infant poet—lately ſprung,
From royal lewdneſs,—not *Plebeian* dung,
To chant the triumphs, and exploits of *A——h*,
Who is not quite ſo fat, yet quite as raſh.
Say muſt ſhe ſing the moſt minute affairs?
Done and tranſacted in the realm of hairs?
But hold my Muſe,—won't that be rather nice
On her, who's only paſſion's carnal dice,
Where little good is link'd, to ſo much vice;
It is—ſo in a whiſper wrap it clean,
More of a whore, or leſs, ſhe'd better been.

How durſt you ſoar ſo high, kind honour'd Maid?
Without invoking *Wilmot*'s lathy ſhade,
Whoſe gen'rous ſoul purſu'd this theme in death,
And rail'd at lewdneſs with his parting breath;
At laſt declar'd his ev'ry art in vain,
To ſcour this lewd *Augean* ſtable clean:
Preſumptuous muſe, t'attempt ſo hard a theme,
To make a limpid of a mudded ſtream;
When ev'ry wench, who bears but common charms,
Condemns the traitor, while the treaſon warms.
But ſince my CH* won't her aid refuſe,
Who knows what fortune, with ſo lewd a Muſe?
Suppoſe we but the nobler vermin rout?
One poiſon's beſt, to drive another out.
O lovely *H**, whoſe lovelier name,
Stood firſt, and foremoſt, in the rolls of fame;
Such fame, as *Venus* bore with *Pagan* Gods,
When publick ſtews ſhe made of their abodes;
Fair *Cytherea*'s Queen deſpis'd her Lord,
In that, Earth's Goddeſs too has kept her word;
Although the Blackſmith-God detected *Mars*,
In the ſoft conflict of their am'rous wars,
And brought the whole Pantheon to behold,
How his wife gave him horns, and rais'd her gold;
He, gentle Blackſmith, bleſt the wanton fawns,
And (like the moderns) pocketted his horns:
But ſince old age has wrinkled her *decoy*,
She vows a virtuous life's the only joy;

Not that ſhe don't deſire with equal guſt,
But who'd imbody ſuch a piece of luſt?
Thy ſiſter, Goddeſs, who has long been known,
For carnal acts in the politer town,
Now gravely ſits, as gravely takes the air,
And vows her ſpouſe, her only love and care;
What moving miracles, theſe times afford!
"Lo! Lady *V** ſleeps conſtant with her Lord."
Happy it is, when Females turn in time,
And, like this beauty, ever keep their Prime.
Rouge we put on, to vamp a batter'd face,
As crooked Fops ſet off their corps with lace;
What don't our Ladies owe to *Pompadore*?
She gives the ugly charms, the beauty more,
Blanches the rural, roſy *Britiſh* cheek,
And if too pale, crimſons the dimple ſleek:
With witty *Su—er*, have you lately been?
Was is at tea? before ſhe'd time to clean!
Did you not ſtare to ſee her pebbl'd face?
Obſerve it now! with ev'ry blooming grace.
Ladies wear vizards now throughout the Town,
You rarely meet a female with her own;
Down from the Dutcheſs to the Wench in place,
All have their morning, and their evening face.
What things has *France* exported to this iſle,
To ſpoil our beauties, and corrupt our ſtile;——
Return 'em genuine,—and take back *Belleiſle*.

Thee

Thee *Lucy* thee, whoſe meagre ſmutty charms,
Diverted firſt the Soldier under arms,
Or if he wanted when his guard was out,
A little nonſenſe on the ſilent flute,
Then you ſupinely laid your matches by,
And to the muſick join'd the melting ſigh;
Say was it there *Orlando* heard thy hymns?
There did he grow enamour'd of thy limbs?
O happy Knight, whoſe judgment could draw out,
Such ſhining beauties, from a louſy clout;
Yet matchleſs *Lucy* do not think I blame,
Thy great ambition of a Lady's name,
Nor do I care, how, when, or where the Knight
Diſturb'd thy oceans, in the ſhades of night:
Let the world talk, for ſcandal's never dumb,
What beats a Lady's finger and a thumb?
How ſhall my Muſe, my *Lucy* now approach,
Exalted from a baſket to a Coach?
Nothing emboldens but her not being prude,
And kind indeed, if only kind as lewd;
Then ſay ſoft *Lucy*, when you rode in ſtate,
Why, would you drive at phaëtonick rate?
Suppoſe your keeper was a bit decay'd?
He was no leſs a man than you a maid;
Why fly your Sire, with thoſe new whiten'd charms?
To loll and wallow in a turnkey's arms,
And when you'd quite exhauſted *Newgate*'s luſt,
You ſeiz'd poor *P——er* with as great a guſt:

Inhuman

Inhuman thirſt, thou very vital drain,
Lewder than all the Whores in *Charles*'s reign.
But that, and more, thee *Lucy*, ſhe'd excus'd,
Had you *Ben Johnſon*'s tippling head refus'd;
Where *Uſher*, you and *Bewly* oft got drunk,
And then pull'd caps with ſome leſs dirty Punk,
When *B** made his laſt dear will and groan,
A good annuity was then thy own;
With this proviſo—that you'd rake no more,
Nor play the vagrant, mercenary whore.
Alas! thy many actions ſince has ſhown,
Thou could'ſt not quit the bottle and the town;
Oft has the Muſe beheld thy tott'ring feet,
And pray'd that inſtant for the wideſt ſtreet;
But then 'twas night, and little to be ſeen,
So no great matter whether foul or clean.
At fam'd *Bob Derry*'s where the Harlots throng,
My muſe has liſten'd to thy luſcious ſong;
And heard thee ſwear like worſer *Drury*'s Punk,
The man ſhould have thee, who could make thee drunk,
Cit, Soldier, Sailor, or ſome bearded *Jew*,
In triumph reeling, bore thee to ſome ſtew.
At other times more riotous than lewd,
Then nought but ſwords, blood, tears, and oaths enſu'd:
So dire a conflict ſurely ne'er was known,
A worſe ſedition *Hellen* could not ſown.

Men

Men in all ranks, all characters of life,
Promiſcuous mingle in the doubtful ſtrife,
Broomſticks, ſwords, poakers, ſtools, chairs, fiſts, and tongs
Together claſh, for *Lucy*'s drunken wrongs,
Bowls, glaſſes, bottles whiz about the ears,
And wound regardleſs, Citizens and Peers:
The females blubber, kneel, ſhriek, pray and ſwear,
Tearing caps, laces, ſattins, ſilks and hair:
" Now, now the city, now the army beats,
Till the loud clamours reach the publick ſtreets,
Chairmen, Links, Coachmen, Waiters, Nightmen, Pimps,
Crowd to ſee *fair play*—to the Culls and Nymps;
The noiſe at laſt, the drowſy watchmen catch,
And twirl their rattles, for their brother watch;
Away they hobble, with their lights and clubs,
A little conſcious they'll receive the drubs;
Join the confuſion, hoping to ſubdue
This bloody, ever fighting motley crew;
But all in vain—they only ſerve to raiſe
The fire, as fuel to create more blaze.
Heard you that ruſh of woe?—thoſe horrid cracks,
Ten lanthorns broke, ten watchmen on their backs;
A greater ruin *Derry*'s never ſaw;
Two *Jews* were kill'd, a Bobwig, and a Beau:
At laſt the Conſtables with numbers beat,
And crown the Warriors with a round-houſe treat,
By them in triumph *Lucy*'s bore away,
A captive *Queen*, to wait the riſing day;

She in her arms embrac'd a drunken Beau,
And with him ſnor'd upon a truſs of ſtraw,
Roſe the next morning with her batter'd *corps*,
And march'd in matchleſs bronze to *Fielding*'s door;
" O let the rigid ſentence be forgot,
For *Bridewell* never was my *Lucy*'s lot."

Debates being done, with *Bewly* ſhe return'd,
And with dear *Uſher*, for freſh riots burn'd;
The *Shakeſpear*'s *Head*, the *Roſe*, and *Bedford Arms*,
Each alike profit from my *Cooper*'s charms.
But oh! alas! how fully can we weep,
Fat *Wh*by* ſunk in eternal ſleep:
She reſts, large Queen, from kitchen's greezy ſtorms,
And's wheel'd in ſolemn dirge for hungry worms.
Weep, weep, my *Lucy*, *Wheatherby*'s no more,
A loſs like this, you never knew before;
Uſher, *Orlando*, *Wheatherby*, are gone;
In diſmal ſackcloth all the worthies moan.

The greateſt deeds a nine days wonder are,
But *Lucy* laugh'd between each trembling tear;
Sought a new ſeat for *Bacchanalian* chat,
And fix'd her ſtandard at the *Golden Cat*;
But City Wits, whoſe brains no fools rely on,
Cry! curſe his head,—that *Golden Cat*'s a *Lyon*,
Where ſhe enjoys whatever's great or low,
The brawny Chairman, or the lathy Beau;

This

This I'll aſſert——for it's her real due;
Witty with candour, in her friendſhips true;
Moves with good-nature, dignity and eaſe,
Form'd to torment the ſoul, and yet to pleaſe:
Eraſe thy vices with the ſliding day,
The Muſe invites thee to attempt to pray:
Nor let thy wit immerge thy reaſon too,
Tho' thine is pleaſing, as it's ever new.

Fiſher thou'rt young,——but in the rolls of fame,
Who can, or dare eclipſe a *Kitty*'s name.
Let antique poets ſing romantic loves,
Of Ladies viſited by Bulls, or Doves,
Or to their arms ſecrete—the deareſt Man,
A vig'rous Stallion, or a diving Swan:
Theſe trivial ſtratagems perplex no more,
It's deem'd an honour to be call'd a *Whore*.

The faireſt, ſweeteſt Debauchee below,
A timber'd Son of *Liffey*, and a Beau,
My Muſe maintains it, and ſhe'll prove it too,
Kitty, ne'er harm'd ſo many maids as you.
Each flirting ſlut, on whom's beſtow'd ſome charms,
When e'er ſhe ſees thee, thrills with lewd alarms,
Swings to the glaſs, finds beauties ſhe ne'er had,
And, fill'd with vanity, runs chariot mad.
" View *Kitty Fiſher*, who the other day
" In grogram drudg'd——now raviſhingly gay,

" Nay

" Nay wore check'd aprons—that, I've oft' been told,—
" Now ſhe wears none—but drags a train of gold;
" Nor is ſhe handſome, that, we all allow;
" But peacock's feathers beautify the daw.
" Then why man't I as well as *Fiſher* paſs?
" The men all tell me, I'm a pouting laſs."

Thus has thy grandeur, and ill-gotten fame,
Debauch'd the Virgin—and the darling name.
Kitty, my Muſe will not pretend to ſay,
Who firſt deflower'd or brought thee into play:
So many make pretenſions to the fact;
Since you've forgot, they cannot be exact.
Some ſay an Enſign, ſome an am'rous *Knight*,
A Suburb 'prentice,—ſome a Serjeant *Kite*;
Many have paid for't, who could well afford,
A gay Sea Captain, and an old Sea Lord;
Who of all theſe, can we the Hero dub?
It may be one, or all of *Arthur*'s Club.

Ye Gods! when future ages read this o'er,
Will they believe, to keep a painted Whore,
A thouſand Nobles of the *Britiſh* Line,
Of diff'rent ages, could promiſcuous join?
Peruſe the Antients, nothing could employ
So many tails, unleſs the ſiege of *Troy*.
An Eaſtern * Fair, to conſecrate her duſt,
At *Memphis* rais'd a Pyramid of luſt:

And

* *Cheop*'s daughter.

And lovely *Lais* of *Trinacria's* * Iſle,
Who all the youth of *Corinth* did defile,
Whoſe greedy, thirſty, mercenary ſoul,
The greateſt preſents only could controul;
Our Lords, like ſage *Demoſthenes*, ne'er ſaid:
But buy repentance, at the harlot's bed.
Nor *Philip's* mad, enthuſiaſtic ſon,
When thro' the Eaſt, his arms victorious run,
In his debauches ne'er exceeded this,
Tho' grand *Perſep'lis* flam'd, to pleaſe his Miſs †.
One man may err, like *Alexander* drunk;
But who would *club*, to feed a craving punk.

But tell me, *Kitty*, where was all thy art?
Amongſt theſe numbers not to ſteal one heart;
When ſep'rate you enjoy'd the *wining* man,
What could reſiſt a well-laid bedded plan?
Then where were all thy mercenary ſchemes?
To loſe the ſettlement, the beſt of themes.
It was thy dullneſs, and thy ſnowy touch,
Or man had never thought he lov'd too much.
Who beſides thee, pray would not ſweat and toy,
T'imbibe at once ſome profit, and ſome joy?
Nay bear one *Heir* to all—a lovely boy.
A nurſe who's ſkill'd in all the Goſſip's clack,
To ev'ry Cully will a likeneſs tack,
Swears he's a Duke's, a Biſhop's, or a Lord's,
And with a ſtriking feature, prove her words.

* *Sicily.* † *Thais.*

O *Kitty* think, had you but mov'd in tune,
What mighty things your ſon, and you had done;
E'en *Cleopatra* with her orient grace,
Was but a *Gipſie* to thy lov'lier face;
You might have ſhone, he out-whipp'd *Phaëton*,
And drove the Chariots of the *Stars* and Sun.
Oh! ſhame and ſcandal to thy charms and birth,
To hobble in, a *vis à vis* on Earth.
The only thing amongſt that mighty club,
Entitles thee a monumental dub
Was, when a noble Lord had cauſe to rue
The paying twice, for what he could not do;
The deed by Matrons will recorded ſtand,
" A Lord in bed with *Venus*,—and unman'd."
This was a merry, and a witty deed,
Surpaſſing all the beauties of thy ſteed;
Say, did that mincing, ſpotted Palfrey run?
To lay thee down in earneſt, or in fun:
Unpoliſh'd Horſe, to be ſo nobly rid,
And flirt, and gambol, like a wanton kid.
Suppoſe thy Rider really made thee proud?
Why little Pye-ball'd,—why ſo very rude?
Saint George himſelf, ne'er rode a ſofter pace,
Nor like thee, *Kitty*, mov'd with ſuch a grace.
My Muſe ſhe weeps, O had it been a mare!
My own dear *Pegaſus* had got an heir.
But worſe than that—O this—e'en makes her bleed:
Lo! *Hermitage* upon the pye-ball'd Steed.

Some doubts ſhe has, and may they prove no worſe:
" Beware you fall no lower than your horſe: "
Remember this, and from a Muſe who's juſt,
Thy man's a bankrupt, both in purſe, and luſt;
And tho' the Sun ſhines, yet may fortune frown,
And quite reduce, both him, and Mrs. *Brown* *.
Mankind's deceitful, you have had your ſwing,
Remember *L—k—t* wore a brilliant ring.
Kitty repent, a ſettlement procure,
Retire, and keep the Bailiffs from the door.
Too well thou'rt known, too long you've play'd the whore,
Put up with wrinkles, and pray paint no more:
No more thou'rt thought a ſubject for the town,
Reject Miſs *Kitty*, for plain Mrs. *Brown*.

Equeſtrian Hermitage, an anſwer deign?
Why for a *Moor*, quit genteel *De—l—n*?
The fault (like all thy ſex) is not in you,
You did your beſt, he wanted ſomething new:
Women by uſe, increaſe their love and joy,
But men more variable, diſguſt and cloy:
Thus like a crab-louſe clings the haggard ſcold,
The more you ſcratch, it keeps the firmer hold.
Is it thy am'rous diſpoſition ſay?
That lulls thee with the black *Arabian Bey*,
Their nature's hotter, and their colour's rare,
And that's ſufficient to allure a Fair.

* Her name as Houſe-Keeper.

But

But tell me Hermitage, amongſt the ſons
Of Butchers, Draymen, Brewers, Chairmen, Bums?
Could you not find a ſturdy youth to pleaſe?
And give thy meretricious paſſions eaſe?
Is ſuch thy conſcience, appetite, and want,
That *Tripoli* can give what *Britain* can't?
Purſue the ſcheme, enjoy the ſwarthy race,
Till they perceive the vizard of thy face.

But here obſerve the *Juliet* of her days,
Fall'n from the pinnacle of public praiſe,
Oft' with encomiums has the Playhouſe rung,
Enraptur'd with the muſic of thy tongue,
Oft' has the Virgin ſympathiz'd thy doom,
And wept for *Juliet* in the ſilent tomb;
Nor griev'd we leſs when *B** withdrew,
Yet we forgave thee for the golden view.
How did the Town applaud thy happy choice,
Altho' in thee ſhe loſt the ſweeteſt voice?
But if the ties of mother will not bind,
How weak are women, ignorant, and blind!
Not all the rhet'ric of a Courtier's tongue,
Or that of mother from thy tender young,
Were found ſufficient to ſubdue thy luſt,
Tho' quite corroded, by corroſive ruſt,
When *M**** had thee, ſuch a deed as this
Was merely modiſh, and became a Miſs;

* Her name in Italic Letters.

But

But yet his tenderneſs, could not ſubdue,
That thirſt of dear variety in you:
All he could ſay that itch could not deſtroy,
To bind the Mother to the loveliest Boy.
But ſince Old Time has worn the dimple ſleek,
And furrow'd wrinkles o'er the bluſhing cheek,
Who would imagine you would play the whore,
And fly in raptures to the *Iriſh* ſhore?
But women crave while man's a drop to give,
Nor ceaſe to luſt, until they ceaſe to live.
If e'er theſe lines ſhould reach thy flinty heart,
Fly to thy babes—and act the mother's part;
But if they'll not induce thee to return,
Diſgrace, and ſhame, muſt ſeal a *Juliet*'s urn.

With regal grace *H*t* fills the fretting Stage,
And would do honour to the Train, and page;
But ſee ſhe quits the operative plan,
To ſleep in peace, with an *Endearing* man.
The awful Theatre of late's become,
A mere receptacle for ev'ry Strum:
You might as well have ſpar'd your ſpouting pains,
And clung with honour, to your honeſt grains;
If *H*t*, a Siſter Muſe, muſt do thee right,
Thou'rt Envy's ſelf — with all thy Sex's ſpite;
Of all thy ſtamp, the moſt carniv'rous Trull,
Adam's whole race, thou'd grapple as one Cull.

Swear not the Muſe's is a partial pen,
Becauſe thou'rt avaritious *H*t* of men;
She'll give thee all the merits that are fair,
Nay, kindly wiſh thee to a greater ſhare:
" You have been tender o'er a Siſter's health,
" And ſav'd the *Fair-one* by your care and Wealth;"
For Charity in Harlot, King, or Cowl,
The world muſt own denotes a noble Soul.

Behold, what's here! a lovely Form of joy,
A fairer *Hellen*, for a greater *Troy*;
How could pollution ſuch a Genius wed?
A genius worthy of the chaſteſt bed.
How came ſhe loſt in ignorance and ruſt?
A common proſtitute, to common luſt;
Mur—y if e'er thy deeds, or Summer plays,
Deſerv'd encomiums, or the publick's praiſe,
'Tis now, for introducing to the light,
The peerleſs *Elliot*, for the Town's delight.
Let Poet's wrangle, and be-rhyme thy Muſe,
Contemn the papers, and the two Reviews;
Let them for barren *Pindus* Hill contend,
Decline the low pretenſion *Naiad* friend;
Let witling's ſnarl, let *George*'s * Coffee-houſe ſneer,
Let Midwife Bogmaids, drop the muddy tear,
Let all the Scrubs of bare *Parnaſſus* bawl,
Let *Lloyd* prepare the coffin and the pall;

Exert

* A Satire on that Coffee-houſe ſo nam'd.

Exert thy talents to their higheſt pitch,
Then with thy *Naiads* wallow in *Fleet-Ditch.*

Thou'ſt nurſt and rais'd a Genius for the ſtage,
At once to laſh, and pleaſe a frantic age:
Pritchard, Yates, Cibber, now are all undone,
Clive, Hart, and *Pope,* muſt either hide or run:
Theſe are thy triumphs, thy exploits O *Poll,*
What pretty things you've done, with *toll—de—roll.*
Let *Garrick* ſheath his *Shakeſpear's* tragick knife,
Bind up the antient plays, and *Jealous Wife,*
Play on my Sons the *Citizen,* and *Maid,*
But dread the *Roſciad,* and implore his aid;
Let Managers anonimouſly ſue,
And beg my Lord to grant the *Wiſhes* too,
The King protects you, let the play perplex,
And with pay'd *B—t—y* halloo,—*Vivat Rex.*
How well harangu'd, when Harlequin's to preach,
He has no right t'invade the realms of ſpeech;
We've never heard a patent that he had,
To hide ſuſpicions of his not being mad;
My Muſe don't mean the Whirly-gig to hum;
It wou'd been better, had you ſtill been dumb.
Yet ſtill my Summer Sons the vict'ry's great,
" See *Rich* and *Garrick,* bow beneath your feet:"
And may my *Hooper* ſtill appear as new,
To all the Town, as ſhe appear'd to you.

What's

What's tripping here more lively than the reſt,
If mirth is bliſs, than ſhe's ſupremely bleſt:
'Tis *Nancy Dawſon*, at a nearer ken,
Fam'd to delight the Fair, and pleaſe the men;
Thy motions *Nancy* are beyond diſpute,
Nor does the fame they've got thee *S—b—r* doubt.
Only for houſe-rent has that Jockey rode?
Or does he ride, as in *Love à la mode*?
If ſo, I've done; it proves you really kind.
I think he rides too heavy, tho' behind:
Tho' you can't bear the whip, but yet the ſpur,
You're game egad—too much for ſuch a cur.
Well, dance on *Nancy*, keep the beaten rout,
And burn your Rider, as you was burnt out;
Nor leave poor *Ken'dy* in the flames to fry,
Poll by the whip and ſpur will run and die,
Steel to the bottom, only rather hot;
But time and ruſt the faireſt things will rot;
In trot or gallop, you ſo pleaſe theſe days;
Sure you muſt amble ſweetly in a chaiſe:
But ſince it's faſhion, and if we agree,
I'd rather drive you in a *Vis à vis*.
Forgive a chatt'ring, ſimple, wanton Muſe,
She cannot mean you for the Livery's uſe.
Incline thine ear, and Madam *Marr—r* weep,
Who ruin'd all, by an extatick leap.

What

What can have harm'd our gay *Italian* Belles?
To make ſweet *Petit* dance at *Sadler's Wells.*

Have courage Muſe, for *Courage* you addreſs,
Aſpire like her, but ne'er diminiſh leſs,
Say, Female Banker, will you condeſcend
To ſpare a trifle, to a Muſe, your friend?
'Tis true ſhe's old, but common never known,
And yet no ſtranger to a ſenſual town;
She ſlept with men of ev'ry rank and age,
Down from his Highneſs to his humble Page;
But want will viſit oft' the Noble's door,
And when the outſide's rich, the inſide's poor;
Grant a few ſcores at what *per Cent.* you will,
Nor doubt my honour, on a trivial bill.
Thus in your nets, as preying Spiders lie,
You ſeize the harlot, as they ſeize the fly;
Grant a few pounds, at double premium full,
Then 'rreſt the huſſy with ſome dying Cull.
The worſt I wiſh, is, really to thyſelf,
" Only to ſtarve on ſuch ill-gotten pelf."
What could a Knight ſee in thy ugly face,
To be hum-bug'd of fifty pounds of lace?
But that's not rare, for thouſands have before,
Paid for a maiden-head, and bought a whore.

Of all the Daughters *Venus* ever had,
So fair as *Fordyce* none, or half ſo mad;

The greateſt pleaſure that ſhe ever choſe,
Was, to ſet friends together by the noſe;
Or riot at the *Roſe*, or *Bedford Arms*,
And fire the Bob-wigs, to diſpute her charms;
Her paſſion riot, for ſhe'd none for drink,
Her taſte and will, deliver'd in a wink;
Few men ſhe choſe, but fewer ſtill admir'd,
Chineſe and carnal arts, but little fir'd.
But where ſhe lov'd, no barriers could prevent,
To give a mutual joy, was all ſhe meant,
Two things ſhe bore, amongſt her ſex but rare,
Contempt of money, and a foe to care,
Friend to a Mercer, and a ſcarlet coat,
Ever receiving, but without a groat;
Ne'er build, ye fair, upon her hated plan,
To fly from room to room, from man to man;
Pauſe here my Muſe, nor ſcrawl an harſher word,
She now lives chaſtely, with the chaſteſt Lord.

If female ſoftneſs, and endearing grace,
May, in the Muſe's records, claim a place,
Dunn muſt not paſs unſung,—there are I know,
Some ſnarling few, the Muſes wrath below,
Some wretches dead to nature and to ſenſe,
Who love to find out faults in excellence.
Faults ſhe hath ſome, and all with juſtice rue,
That one ſo fair ſhould ever prove untrue:

'Tis

'Tis ſtrange the Ladies, to ſet off their youth,
Will ever deviate from the paths of truth:
Miſtaken notion, to pretend to raiſe
A reputation, on ſo weak a baſe;
Somewhat too vain, in fabled notes ſhe ſings,
An antient lineage drawn from Gods and Kings;
But leave ſuch arts to thoſe, whoſe form requires
Helps weak as theſe, to fan loves dying fires.
Bleſt in thyſelf deſpiſe the thoughts of race,
We aſk no parents for ſo fair a face:
The rigid judge muſt bring thy faults to view;
But candour triumphs, finding them ſo few.
Scarce would ſhe wiſh thoſe blemiſhes forgot,
Was ever *Venus* yet without a ſpot?
That thou art Woman, we have known before,
I never thought the leſs, nor wiſh'd thee more.

Behold a face, as fair as great in fame,
A very *Venus*, with an *Hervey*'s name;
High in the known venereal liſt ſhe ſtands,
Fam'd for the loveliеſt legs, the faireſt hands:
She bears one fault, as ſuch, we muſt impeach,
If with *Adonis* — ſhe ſhould eat her peach;
She is the *Cytherea* of the land,
And built her Temple, but it would not ſtand.
Induſt'rious Fair, ſhe ſpar'd no corp'ral pains,
Nor *Stretffeld* neither, to encreaſe their gains;

What

What could declare ſo ſoon, the Bankrupt Pair,
But want of Cattle, faſting, freſh, and fair?
Cauſes ſufficient, to bring in the Bums,
So ſtop'd,—as City Kings, for greater ſums.
If a ſtagnation proves in all the trades,
Of corn, oil, tea, tobacco, harlots, maids,
Buſineſs in courſe immediately muſt drop,
And, like Miſs *Hervey*, each muſt ſhut up ſhot.
The coronation cauſes want of fiſh,
And fleſh, nay ev'ry other common diſh;
The torn down huſſies ſome ſev'n years ago,
Trim up once more, to flaſh, and make a ſhow;
They will not vend, as erſt they did, their ware,
But all keep brac'd, for coronation fair;
Wait for the Company's return to town,
And even twiſt their noſes at a crown:
The only place to find what's nice and rare,
Is in the Abbey, or the ſcaffold fair:
Prebends, Deans, Deacons, now torment no more
Their dog'd-ear'd Bibles, to the blue-coat poor;
Their holy charge, with rev'rence is reſign'd,
To things more modern, wordly, and refin'd;
Sermons, Pſalms, Leſſons, never waft a care;
No prieſt's ſo happy, as when free from pray'r;
As for the reliques of the brave, and juſt,
Peace they muſt keep, they've had their *duſt to duſt*.
If ought would wiſh to ſhed the pious tear,
'Tis marble buſts, for want of mattin pray'r;

(In

(In which the genius of *Roubiliac* is seen,
Surpassing all that are, or e'er have been.)
But these will never toll the morning bell,
A long vacation, makes the cassock swell.
Why grieve the loss of trade *Hervey*an fair?
When the same cause effects our daily pray'r.
Reside in peace till pageant times are o'er,
You'll never be a bit th' inferior whore.

What's here! a doubtful, visionary fair,
That, like a juggler's ball, is here, and there;
Stole from the confines of the old *Welsh* Queen,
But for the universe, would not be seen;
" Why gentle *Charlotte* did you not repair,
" At the appointed time to drown my care?
" I wrote, I sent five Porters up and down,
" Tore down the bells, and tore this Bagnio gown,
" But heard no tidings of my joy and wish,
" Abus'd the waiters—raving oh! my *Fish*!
" My Maid was out, I rav'd and tore my hair,
" Your billet kiss'd, return'd it back with care;
" But why not break the wafers, gentle *Belle*?
" My tears declare—I cannot read or spell.
The honest speech, so pleas'd the rapturous youth,
He clasp'd dear *Charlotte*, as a country truth;
Will you forgive me, this unhallowed wit,
For *Welch* declares that *Fish* can read a-bit,

The Muſe is pleas'd to find thee thus improve,
There muſt be genius—where there's ſo much love:
Perfection, it is none, to write, or read,
The greater Dunce, the greater *mark of breed*:
Therefore ſweet *Charlotte* muſt by face, and head,
Rank high in dignity, being highly bred.

See *Charlotte Hays*, as modeſt as a ſaint,
And fair as ten years paſt, with little paint;
Bleſt in a taſte which few below enjoy,
Preferr'd a priſon to a world of joy:
With borrow'd charms, ſhe culls th' unwary ſpark,
And by th' Inſolvent act, parades the Park.

Cloſe at her heels, trips fairer *Nancy Vane*,
Entomb'd ſev'n years, and lo! ſhe roſe again!
Refraught with goods, diſplays a *Deardian* ſhop,
And hums by turns, the *Vet'ran*, and the Fop.
Thus art and ſtratagem encreaſeth trade,
And *Welch*, on letchers, palms her for a maid.

There without art, dame nature will appear,
In matchleſs *Maſſey*, little worſe for wear:
Bend here, ye harlots, with unfeigned grace!
And own coſmeticks, never touch'd the face,
She never vended goods unduty paid,
Nor gave one daub, to mend a batter'd trade;

Juſt

Juſt as ſhe bedded, roſe the peerleſs laſs,
Nor never *turn'd* to uſe the pocket glaſs;
A venal trick, trump'd up by batter'd jades,
And practis'd now by all the twirl-mop maids.
Unmatch'd ſhall peerleſs *Maſſey* grace my lay,
Nor want one guinea, while a Muſe can pay.

O giddy Muſe—indelible reproach,
To paſs Miſs *Davis*, tho' ſhe loſt her coach?
Say pretty *Polly*, will you deign a nod?
She humbly kiſſes thy poſterior rod;
But if you'll not, the tickler you muſt uſe,
And as you flog the *Vet'rans*, flog the Muſe.
Hold! hold! thy hand, my fair incenſed Fair,
Commit not ſacrilege thro' dire deſpair!
Obſerve the form, that thou'rt intent to harm,
A ſiſter beauty, bleſt with ev'ry charm!
O pretty *Poll!* will nought thy ire reſtrain;
Muſt a poor Muſe for *Kitty* plead in vain?
Won't all the powers of *Ranelagh* withſtand
The little ruin of thy little hand?
O ſhame, Miſs *Polly*, to thy worſhipp'd face!
Not to regard the grandeur of the place;
But ruſh to battle without fear or care,
Nor ſpare my Lord—nor ſpare his Lady's hair;
O what a body! with a ſoul ſo big!
To beat the powder from a Noble's wig:
Great was the conqueſt in that giddy place,
Becoming all the power of form, and face.

Thee,

Thee, of all harlots, joy portray'd to pleaſe,
To cool the mind, and give the body eaſe;
Granted an art, peculiar to thy bed,
To lay the living, and to raiſe the dead;
Since fleſh is frail, and ſubject to miſhaps,
Luck, from the blackeſt rhyme, protect thee *Caps*.

But lo! what's here, that interrupts the ſong?
Something rough, painted, ugly, bold, and long;
The *Proteus*, *S—p—ns*, fam'd for legs and ſhape,
Sly as a fox, and antick as an ape:
She has this prudence, " to retain her cull,
And like the *Cretan* * dame, conceals her Bull".

Muſe drop the curtain, nor behold this act,
Two ſiſters glorying in a carnal fact:
Shrink at theſe times, like darker days of yore,
Two ſiſters playing with one man the whore.
Repent O *Gar—ks*, quit the *Bolton* Queen,
Nor e'er together in the *Row* be ſeen.
Next lend your ears,—and liſt the grave intreat,
O ſpare a Siſter, ſpare St. *James*'s-*Street*:
Learn her to hate a ſenſual wicked town,
And chuſe a place more virtuous than the Crown. †

View a continuance of th' inceſtuous ſcene!
O would ſome guardian virtue intervene!

* *Paſiphæ.* † The ſign where ſhe's 'prentice.

And

And lead the *I—g—ms* with a conſcious ſhame,
To weep their greateſt loſs, their virgin name.
O royal *Hampton*, thy belov'd retreat,
Is fam'd for all that's elegant, and ſweet;
Thy *Sylvan Shades* the chaſteſt beauties throng,
The nobleſt ſubject of the poet's ſong:
Say, what could cauſe a Noble to deſtroy,
Two lovely Virgin's, chaſtity and joy?
What cou'd provoke the dire inceſtuous *guſt*,
To murder *Virtue*, for the ſake of luſt?
And then ignobly to deny ſupport,
Stood caſt, and cenſur'd, in a public court;
Like a L—d M—r, who for ſome marriage feat,
Did, at St. *M—t—n's*, penance in a ſheet.
But th' eldeſt *I—g—m—e* like a knowing wife,
Obtain'd a weighty ſettlement for life.
Learn then of her, ye fair, who's fair and kind,
To grant no favours, 'till the parchment's ſign'd.

What's pregnant here, ſo very big and rare,
The ſtrong reſemblance of a country fair?
Bleſt ſhe's in that, and bleſt with vig'rous youth,
But *Cl—m—ns* never deviates into truth.
Above the reſt, her genius I prefer,
For who can propagate a lie like her.
She's ſick, ſhe faints, ſhe's dead, well, rich, and poor,
All at a breath,—but rarely 'bove an hour.

" See at her feet an humble ſuppliant kneel,"
To plead a paſſion he's not ſenſe to feel,
In ſcraps of plays, and many a tortur'd line,
Hums, hah's, and foams, to tell her ſhe's divine;
Starts, pauſes, groans, then raves, with clinched fiſt,
A King, then ſwain, now Ghoſt, *liſt, liſt, oh liſt!*
Gives father, mother, friend, and her this line,
" *Let* Cæſar *have the world, if* Sally's *mine.*"
The youth ſhe kiſs'd, and with a *Syren's* grace,
Declar'd the child was his,—and nam'd the place:
Another comes, another, and two more,
The whole ſhe hums, and would as many ſcore;
Lords, Knights, and Captains, Commoners, and Scribes,
Each draws the purſe—as he the ſtuff imbibes:
Each claims his right, ſhe proves the child his own;
Yet all the while 'twas got by Mr. *Town*;
The whole is ſettl'd, but the infant's name,
Who kindly died the very day it came.
Of all the Nymphs that *Venus* ever bred,
Of all the living, and of all the dead,
None ever had the cunning, and the art,
To thumb the guineas, and to ſteal the heart:
She hums the *Vet'ran*, for the youth's regards,
And plays in turns on him the harlot's cards;
This is her maxim,—and as good, as true,
Some men for profit, ſome for pleaſure too.

Davis,

Davis, a ſecond *Circe* in her wiles,
Who, *Syren*-like, enchants ye, and beguiles;
You may as well drink of that witch's bowl,
As let this *Gipſy* captivate your ſoul:
Sings, ſwears, and riots o'er the ſparkling wine,
Until ſhe makes ye, like *Ulyſſes*,—ſwine.
The *Roſe* and *Shakeſpear* owe a deal to thee;
Begot by lewdneſs upon infamy;
Which tender name thy genius has retain'd,
And by the epithet thouh's thouſands gain'd.
In younger days, when Proſtitution found,
And took thee, grov'ling from thy mother ground,
When thy ambition had no higher calls,
Than following Carmen, to pick up their coals;
Or raiſe a laugh, to ſhow thy greater art,
Steal a few handfuls from the loaded cart;
Perhaps, to raiſe a mob, a ſiſter fight,
Or with a Chairman grunt away a Night:
Theſe were thy triumphs, thy exploits before,
The blackeſt Princeſs of a common ſhore;
Where oft' you've grop'd for iron, not in vain,
And ſifted cinders high, in *Gray's-Inn Lane*.
Who wou'd imagine from ſo mean a thing,
So fair a face, ſo ſweet a Strum cou'd ſpring:
Shocking it was ſuch eyes as thine ſhould be
Hidden in filth, and viler infamy.
Betſy, delight and raviſh with thy tongue,
Nor mind the Cinder-heap from whence you ſprung:

Remember

Remember this, " repent in time and pray,"
For muſhrooms riſe and periſh in a day.

Thy deeds, *O French!* deſerve an abler pen,
To paint thy devaſtations brought on men;
Tho' thou art living, yet they're obſolete,
If ought perpetuates, it's ſome endleſs gleet:
You had your hot, nay and your *Cold-Well* too,
And he that dabbl'd did his dabble rue;
I know you ſhone, I know you knew to pleaſe,
And pickle ſome too with the *French* diſeaſe.

Look down my Muſe, for thou in all muſt rule,
And ev'ry praiſe in ſtore confer on *Pool*;
A *Venus* drawn with all *Apollo*'s ſkill,
To wound in colours, and in life to kill:
As good as fair, in all ſurpaſſing kind,
The gentleſt manners, with the trueſt mind.

Stand, Hero's ſtand, ſhe moves; again O move!
Gay Queen of Beauty, Rapture, Pleaſure, Love:
Scarce is it poſſible, ſo fair a face,
(Adorn'd with manners, dignity, and grace,
Replete with all the eloquence of Love,
In fire a ſparrow, tenderneſs a Dove;)
Could ſue in vain, or could a mortal be
So very frozen, not to kneel to thee.
Could thy lewd clime *Hibernia* raiſe a boy,
To ſcorn the Queen of Beauty, Love and Joy?

A clime

A clime ſo fam'd in the venereal wars,
What Venus is there bears not Irish ſcars?
Thrice happy Sons, to be endow'd with parts,
To pain, to pleaſe, and win the deareſt hearts—
Thou ne'er produc'd but one that could reſiſt,
The Charms of *Hebe* when a CAM * kiſt.
Soon mayſt thou find a thaw in heavenly charms,
And melt a ſoft chaſte ſnow ball in her arms.

How various are our taſtes of Woman-kind,
To all we're partial, and in ſome we're blind:
One loves the brown, others the black, or fair,
Some die for eyes, others for teeth or hair:
Some men you'll find diſguſted at a ſquint,
To have one, others will beſtow the Mint:
Some can deſpiſe the charms of lovely you,
Yet fall a Martyr to a ſattin ſhoe.
A ſcarlet cloak, white leg, and linnen gown,
Will win a ſmile—when card'nals raiſe a frown:
A clean check'd apron often does more harm,
Than all that Milliners can make to charm:
I've known a man in love with no one thing
About a Beauty, but her apron ſtring:
The cloſe French night caps, or your Engliſh mobs,
Oft' rifle hearts—yet oftner rifle fobs:
Great things are done by pattens and a mop,
Or a Miſs painted in a Mill'ners ſhop:
Dappers love women that are wonderous tall,
Maypoles love you becauſe you're wonderous ſmall;

'Tis true you're ſmall, a very Fairy Queen,
A noſegay gather'd on *St. James's Green*:
Pluck'd on the ſweeteſt Banks, the ſweeteſt flower,
The pride, the bloom, the Beauty of an hour.
So *M——y* roſe, but Lord how long ago?
When *Bath* was young, and *Naſh* an infant Beau:
Soar'd from her baſket to a Chariot Fame,
And lives this moment with the beſt good name.
And may you *Allen* ſtill purſue the roads,
That lead from Bailiffs, Bagnios, Pimps and Bawds;
Beauty fair *Allen* like the flowers you bore,
Are the ſad emblems of a *Garden* Whore.

I've done my utmoſt to reſtrain my pen,
But ſtill your deeds drag Satire from his den.
Was not the caution in another name,
To ſave yourſelf, your child, your dearer Fame,
Sufficient Madam, but you'll ſtill perſiſt,
And tho' maintain'd by one, by hundreds Kiſt.
A giddy Mother to forget her caſe,
Tho' begg'ry lately ſtar'd you in the face:
And then ſo meanly proſtitute to down
To ev'ry Suburb 'prentice about Town.
Once more I give the caution to reform,
Accept the hint, nor brave the threat'ning ſtorm,
I'll tell a name, a tale, a Cull will cure,
Unleſs you drive thoſe puppies from your door:
Satire's a ſpider, full of venom too,
And keeps a *Web* to 'tangle ſuch as you.

'Tis

'Tis pity makes me here omit your name,
Nor die, condemn'd to everlaſting ſhame.

Venus and *Hebe* both were truly fair,
But which the faireſt, Cn* can't declare:
Skill'd in the tender arts of love divine,
As you're below in thoſe of luſt, and wine:
Two ſweeter ſouls, in ſattin never walk'd,
Two more harmonious tongues, have never talk'd:
Siſters ye are in beauty, wit and Grace,
But grieve that iniquity holds a place:
I wiſh ye every joy from mighty ſums,
And hope you'll think before the winter comes:
China's an emblem of a lovely frame,
How fragil's China? Beauty's quite the ſame:
R—g—rs reflect—your Beauty's but a flower,
Rais'd, budded, blown, and wither'd in an hour.
You may reject th' advice, but time will ſhow it:
You had no friend ſo honeſt, as your Poet.

What various lies we tell to pleaſe the Fair,
To make the *Fairies* vainer than they are:
Flattery, has ever prey'd on female youth,
A girl of breeding hates the name of truth:
In our firſt days when *Eve* was in her bloom,
And goodly *Adam* was her rigid doom:
That firſt beſt Man requir'd no gloſs of art,
To win the faireſt Woman to his heart;
And tho' the firſt, ſweet perfect female made,
Had the beſt upright man to be her aid;

Yet

Yet ſhe, in ſpite of all that Heaven could do,
Grew ſick of *Bliſs*, and ſigh'd for ſomething new:
Gadded abroad, met Flatt'ry in her way,
And made a *reck'ning* we ſhall never pay:
Thus with the Women reſts the maxim ſtill,
" Have it, we muſt; the riſk be what it will."
Pope I admire, where once the Wit let fall,
That women have no characters at all:
Moſt truely true, and every day approv'd,
Amongſt the Fools a-loving, and belov'd;
Aſk but the ſex themſelves, the maxim's true,
Did ever *Polly*, praiſe her ſiſter *Sue?*
This they allow—which proves th' aſſertion good,
" That Mrs. *King*'s no better than ſhe ſhou'd."
Firſt Mrs. *Manly* rails at Mrs. *Drew*,
So ſcandal gallops up from *Hull* to *Kew*:
'Twas madam *Eve* that put it firſt about,
And live it muſt while Scandal forms a *rout*:
'Tis all in vain, talk, write, do what you will,
Woman's a ſad, bad contradiction ſtill.
Was I to court a pretty blooming Queen,
I'd feed her ſquirrel firſt, or praiſe her ſcreen;
If ſhe admires a dog, you're doubly ſnug,
To her be civil, but adore *dear Pug*:
Sometimes in love indifference may take,
Not from a Clown, but often from a Rake:
'Twas my misfortune, and the caſe was thus,
I loſt an heireſs by *lampooning Puſs*:

She was *antique*, as morſel for old Nick,
But then the *Darbies* ſtung me to the quick:
I ap'd the Captain, ſtrutted up and down,
As bold as any Gambler about town:
But what was worſe, and only t'other day,
I loſt a Beauty by offending *Tray*:
I ſwore, and lied as much as Soldier cou'd,
And prov'd her plainly more than fleſh and blood;
But all in vain, the ever injur'd Tray,
Bark'd at my viſits till I went away:
Betty if this ſhould ever reach thine ear,
Aſk for my pardon, *Betty* do, my Dear!
I ſwear in print, if e'er I come to tea,
I'll double thee, the elemental fee:
Try, and eraſe, the little injury done
That curſed, dirty little Bitch's Son:
Is there no kind reverſion in the eye,
To make me live, or muſt I bravely die!
Will you believe me when I ſwear, and ſay,
I did not know him, when I kick'd *poor* Tray:
Have pity W—lm—t do not look aſkew,
On one who'll ever love, your dog and you:
Be cautious *Lovers* how your heels you truſt,
You very rarely find a lap-dog juſt,
Witneſs my fate, once thought prodigious ſnug,
" The lovelieſt Woman, with the prettieſt Pug."

Things are ſo chang'd, e'en C—h—y wou'd not ſquall,
To ſee St. *Paul*'s deck'd for a city *ball*:

This mighty Town is ſo devour'd with luſt,
There's barely lodging for the chaſte, and juſt:
Who in the name of wonder would conceit,
A ſtew, a *Fruiterers* in St. *James's ſtreet*:
'Tis very true, and you may daily deal
For fruit, or Ladies, with good Mrs. *N*——
The ſweeteſt Belle, here meets her ſtinking ſpark,
After a morning's ſtroll about the Park:
Buys a few pippins, then retires to pleaſe
Himſelf, in all the elegance of eaſe:
Pippins have ever fatal prov'd before,
From *Eve* in *Eden*, down to *Pompadore*:
But don't miſtake all Fruiterers from this,
Are modiſh Channels now to modern bliſs:
That is not always Friend, a general caſe;
Mark at the Milliners a painted Face:
That's a true mark of infamy, and ſin,
The ſhop ſhut up, Sir, "you may venture in."
Think you it's poſſible the ribband trade,
Without ſome different ſtitchings to its aid,
Could keep ſo many pretty gilded Queens?
No, no, they have far better ways and means.
There is a rank ſuperior in the air,
Call'd Chamber Milliners where *Qual* repair;
Theſe keep their *Blacks*, drive Chariots up and down,
And Bank bills there will make ye public ſoon:
'Twas here they ſearch'd, when pretty *Kitty* fled,
And found a Nymph and Baronet in bed:

The

The Knight he ſwore, Miſs bluſh'd, the ſcandal flew,
And dearer *V*** is no longer new.
To tell the whole, old *Homer* would employ,
And beat the Fools he march'd to her * at *Troy*.

So have I ſeen a brilliant Star retire,
And leave the nighted lover in the mire:
Such was thy influence o'er this mighty Town,
When *Roſs* withdrew, e'en pleaſure learnt to frown.
O happy man, I do not know his name,
Tho' bleſs'd ſo long with thy ſeraphic frame;
We'll call it generous, when he reſign'd,
So ſweet a creature to divert mankind:
Return'd what mighty *London* griev'd in you;
Surpaſs'd by none, and parallel'd by few.
Tho' earthly born, the rival of the ſkies,
In form a Goddeſs, with an Angel's eyes:
Riſe, Beauty riſe, where Angels only ſoar,
'Tis yours to rule, and mortals to adore.
May you when weary here, cœleſtial ſhine,
And ſoar from more than mortal to divine:
Aſſume your ſeat amongſt your native Stars,
And conquer *Venus*, by ſubduing *Mars*:
Prove the whole mixture of the *Muſes* droſs,
And *dull* the Graces with the charms of *Roſs*.

We've ſung the living.——Now let's drop a tear
Upon the firſt, and faireſt, Harlot's bier:

Who

* Hellen.

Who living mov'd ſuperlatively fair,
In wit *Minerva*, with *Idalia's* * air.
So young a Muſe, can never dare to raiſe
Her little note, on ſuch a form of praiſe;
Yet ſtill a wretch in theſe Saturnian times,
Could teaze her *Ghoſt* † in the moſt wretched rhymes:
The worſt, ſad outcaſt of the fools of verſe,
Not fit to drive a *Garreteer's* hearſe:
Baſe greaſe of rhyme, with leſs than mongrel's tongue,
A mere, vile muſhroom of a Scribbler's dung;
If ought would move her injur'd Ghoſt to riſe,
Thy jargon would, to tear thy Muſes eyes:
Read this, and fly, ſad baſe-born abject ſlave,
And pilgrim like, do penance at her grave:
Inſcribe theſe lines to Fame, and Beauty writ,
(And tranſcribe on till I allow thee wit.)
" ‡ Here lie the pride of Beauty, ſenſe, and fame,
" Who dare go by and contradict the ſame?"

How in the firſt edition could we paſs
Amongſt the fam'd, the fam'd itinerant laſs?
Who by her motions in the wriggling trade,
Two ſterling thouſands, fairly, cleanly made;
What muſt be done, when grown ſo very rich?
Travel in whoredom's a peculiar itch;
Yet that was hers, and mighty odd—*forſooth*
So ſkim'd from *Dover*, to the milder South:

* One of the names of *Venus*. † A paultry Performance, intitled, *Woffington's Ghoſt*.
‡ To Mrs. *Woffington*.

Swung

Swung from *Verſailles*, up to the *Paiſbas*:
Then down in raptures to the banks of *Po*:
Thro' gay *Auſonia* wore the regal ſmile,
And ap'd a Princeſs of *Britannia*'s Iſle:
Maintain'd the circle of affected grace,
A very *Steuart*, in the very face.
When caſh grew low, with dignity ſhe ſwung,
From the ſoft warb'lings of the *Eunuch*'s tongue,
Plan'd out a rout according to her purſe,
And reach'd ſad *Calais* juſt two thouſands worſe;
Roll'd o'er the turgid billows of the ſea,
And read new fortune in the dregs of tea;
Review'd the cliffs from whence enrich'd ſhe ſail'd,
But 'ſpite of ev'ry effort—tears prevail'd;
To Town return'd, reſum'd the Harlot's chair,
No bird's back-ſide ſo poor, or half ſo bare.
Thus *Steuart* liv'd, but now grown rather ſtale,
We kindly pay her—juſt to hear her tale.

Did e'er a quality poſſeſs the man,
That ſought a fame upon the baſeleſs plan
Of Woman's ruin.—Does not the Soul recoil?
To ſee Man ſtudy to ſeduce, and ſpoil:
Man, he is none—a monſter's far too great
For him, who means to hurt the Virgin's ſtate.
What cou'd produce, or rear that manly ſhape;
And grant one paſſion—to commit a rape:

Beſtow'd a form, without one good beſide!
A compound, made of ignorance, and pride,
Swell'd with all evils that *Pandora* nam'd,
And ev'ry other vice the world ſince fram'd;
Can earth produce a character like this?
Yes! and he wounds when e'er he ſtoops to kiſs;
Behold thoſe Forms, on whom he whilom ſmil'd,
Thrice wiſe, and lovely—now alas! defil'd;
Yet ſtill the Fair, are ſo intent to pleaſe,
They'll love the Serpent if he bends his knees;
Nay curſe his heart, and dread a Siſter's fall,
And prove the pleaſure, tho' they dread the gall.
Could ſuch a form ſo lovely—ſo divine,
So ſweet, ſo wiſe, ſo innocent—as thine?
Be ſo regardleſs of a *C*t*'s fame,
To blaſt thyſelf, thy family, thy name:
Soft, gentle Fair, whom Heav'n deſign'd to pleaſe,
Not fall a prey to ſcandal and diſeaſe;
How could the pureſt mind be ſo betray'd!
To yield a wretch the honours of a Maid.
Too well you knew the character he bore,
Too well you knew the Females fate before;
And yet ſo raviſh'd with a manly form,
To board the bark—and brave the coming ſtorm.
O *C*t*, *C*t*, had I known thee then,
Thy wrongs had never mov'd the Muſe's pen;
The noble, honour'd Siſterhood had ſtrove,
To hide the Wretch from memory, and love:

Think,

Think, when he'd gather'd all the bloom of *May*,
He roſe, and ſmelt, and caſt the ſweets away,
Inform'd the parent of a Daughter's fate,
Smil'd on her folly—and unhappy ſtate.

" Would ye, ye Fair, be cautious whom ye prove,"
Ye rarely meet a true return in Love:
The Man of Courage, and the Man of Senſe,
Never betray the lovely innocence;
By Heav'n they're ſent to ſave and guard the Fair,
And make your Virtue their peculiar care;
The fool alone diſturbs your bleſs'd repoſe,
The Men of Senſe were never *Virtue*'s foes.

I love a widow that repairs to town
To jigg, and flirt, her bumpkin up and down;
Brings up a babe to prove her virtuous life,
And would perſuade you that ſhe was a wife:
A worn-out cant trump'd up ſo long before,
It only proves her a far greater whore.
We've eyes, and ſee—nay ears, and hear thee too,
And tongues, ſweet Madam—which, muſt cenſure you.

If on a Chariot—e'er a boy you find,
Or when *Mam* walks, he, twenty ſteps behind;
Or in the Park, or ſome leſs public walk,
A child in hand, the maid a ſcarlet cloak,

You in your mental memorandum place,
Both babe and Lady of the ſpurious race.

M—y and *C—r—t* thus come up to town,
Club for a Carriage, tho' they need a gown:
Try all they can, to paſs for ſomething great,
The very method that betrays their ſtate.
So men in liquor (like a tawdry punk)
Aim to ſpeak plain, by which they prove they're drunk.

With theſe, how fam'd that northern part's become
Of *Tyburn* road—for Foreigner and Strum.
Here all Embaſſadors, prodigious ſnug,
Preſerve their fair ones from the City Bug:
Many around the *Abbey* chooſe to fleet,
But Doctors vow no air's like *Marg'et-Street*.
Here from the morning to the midnight hour,
Rap, rap, rap, rap, my Lord is at the door.
When gone—anon—you hear the *Templers* ſtrut,
He, like my Lord too—loves a rub at put.
A Captain next pops in too, wond'rous ſly,
He thinks unſeen, becauſe he winks an eye;
Preſents the King moſt ſweetly ſet in gold,
Then marches off to quarters, mighty bold.
An eſſenced Beau, the laſt attacks the Dame,
And ſighs all night, the pureneſs of her flame:
Five times the golden picture ſmartly gives,
" She vows, he is the ſweeteſt man that lives:"

Early

Early away the dear Sir *Umbra* trips,
Vowing no coral can excel ſuch lips.
Next day at noon, *my Lord* makes his approach,
But at the corner leaves the motto'd Coach;
He hopes ſhe's well, and free from ev'ry care,
She vows, ſhe's ever ſad but when he's there.

Thus Ladies pick our pockets, and our brains,
And we, ſtill blinded—reſt their dying Swains:
It's quite the ſame with horſes, Lord, or you,
The whole they drive alike—*je up—je hu.*

Now ſtare the world—now, prodigies begin!
Behold, a learned Banker's Clerk ta'en in.
By what, by whom; how, ſay? now, when, or where,
At th' *Coronation*, or the *Smithfield* Fair:
Neither, yet both, and that may too ſurprize,
A ging'bread bargain—and a market Prize.
But how was this dear harmleſs youth to blame?
She bore a *Burford*'s dignity, and name:
Prov'd five and twenty thouſand pounds debt clear,
And good eight thouſands ſterling too *per* year.
Egad dull reader, you'll excuſe this whim,
It might have humm'd wiſe you, as well as him.
Suppoſe it had?—well then ſuppoſe it had?
In courſe the world muſt ſurely call thee mad.
Think with what dignity and Love ſhe mov'd,
Who durſt refuſe? when by an Angel lov'd:

She ſpoke the living languages as pat,
As old tea Goſſips gabble out their chat:
All things ſhe knew—whilſt I was green and young,
I'm not the firſt undone by woman's tongue:
Think what a genius, if but chaſte as ſmart,
The cleareſt head, with ſure the vileſt heart:
Her wit and genius ſhe would hardly uſe,
Unleſs to bilk her lodgings, or the ſtews;
Her only aim was pageantry and ſtuff,
The dear duration, trivial as her ſnuff:
The boy *Adonis* had he ſeen the Jay,
Had hated *Venus* to this very day:
In ſhape ſo lovely there ne'er was another,
Cupid might even hugg'd her for his Mother.
Theſe names ſhe bore, as need and profit drew,
Merchant, *Barnes*, *Errington*, and *Morgan* too:
In each ſhe mov'd with well affected eaſe,
And tho' fictitious, never fail'd to pleaſe.
Her falſe connubial cant would ſtagger truth,
Her *maiden* ſtratagems betray'd my youth;
A Widow, Miſs, or Wife perhaps to day,
In *France* her huſband, or alas! at ſea;
When ſhe addreſs'd, a pleaſing Maid ſhe mov'd,
I gaz'd, I wonder'd, and alas! I lov'd.
She ſhow'd the virtues of the ſweeteſt mind,
By genius nouriſh'd, and by time refin'd;
I only weep, a wit like her's ſhould raiſe,
So vile a fabrick on ſo firm a baſe.

Forgive

Forgive me reader, for I cannot rail,
Tho' e'en her deeds have merited a jail.
Yet let us hope ſhe may repent the crime,
And find forgiveneſs in a tranſport clime.

O what a name! rever'd in days of yore,
As Maid, Queen, Princeſs, Dutcheſs, Counteſs—Whore,
When e'er the round O dignifies a name,
So ſurely blown from out the *Trump* of *Fame*:
Theſe names in verſe run ſmooth as apple-barrows,
O' Cannillo's, *O' Brien's*, and *O' Harra's*,
'Kelly's, *O' Lochlin's*, and *O' Courcy's* too,
Have been great men and waded *Liffey* thro';
From them fair *Nelly* you derive your name,
And genuine beauties muſt eſtabliſh fame:
Such ſoft endearing ſymmetry of parts,
Muſt ſoften Hermits down to Lovers hearts:
Why ſhould *Hibernia* let her daughters roam,
Why not confin'd to conquer hearts at home?
Par-gate ſhould ſtop theſe beauties with her tolls,
And not export them to torment our ſouls;
Will not, *O Brien Dublin* then ſuffice?
But *Britain* too muſt ſuffer from your Eyes:
Have mercy beauty—and pray learn to feel,
And claſp the Suppliant when he aims to kneel.

Now turn my Muſe, behold, this pomp of woe!
The dull proceſſion, and the dirge how ſlow,

Whores,

Whores, Bawds, and Pimps, make up the grateful train,
To mourn the bodies that the Devil's ta'en.
An hundred watchmen, with their lights and polls
Proceed, but now omit their midnight calls;
Ten ragged green girls, for the gardens praiſe,
With tops of leeks, and nettles ſtrew the ways;
Then big in fleſh ſee mother *Eaſtſmith* ſtride,
With *Gould*, and *Gaudby*, waddling by her ſide;
To bear their trains, behind three pages creep,
Hill, *Yews* and *Doddington*, almoſt aſleep:
Then two, by two, a dozen *Bagnio* pimps,
Behind them move, as many torn down nymps:
Next from each playhouſe, with the ſalt-box come,
A Snuffer, Sweeper, Trumpeter, and Drum;
Then, *ſolus*, hops a dull *Orcheſtran* flute,
Behind him waddles a theatric Mute:
Now, of each Houſe, five under-ſtrappers came,
Behind, as many *Guinea* Tits of fame,
Dreſs'd in a flimſy, unbecoming woe,
Pumping for tears, but not a tear will flow:
The chief of theſe, for tongue and ſcandal known,
Miſs *Innis* ſhe, no viler upon town:
Behind her four of leſs ignoble fames,
Rhymer, *Moor*, *Mitchell*, *Droheda* their names,
Jenkins, and pretty *Biddy Wingfield* bore
The tatter'd enſigns of the tatter'd *Corps*:
Behind them *Brabſant*, *Benſon*, *Cook*, and *Bland*,
Then *Carey*, *ſolus*, with a nightman's wand;

Next

Next mov'd six Bailiffs, hung with horrid writs,
Which almost frighted *Gardner* into fits,
Who behind them, assum'd her awful stand,
With a *memento mori* in her hand:
In solemn cloaks, just hir'd for the time,
Ten *Bagnio* Chairmen, hobble on, in rhyme,
Follow'd by *Steward*, *Hambleton*, and *Trail*,
Who, for the night, had just obtain'd a bail;
With Whips revers'd, twelve Hackney coachmen mov'd,
Then *Sagroe* fair, and *Buckley* the belov'd,
Spencer, *Gore*, *Monday*, *Kingsborough* and *Gold*,
March'd on as solemn as St. *Paul's* is toll'd:
Above the rest, majestic *Elliot's* seen,
Deck'd in a modern mantle of pea-green;
Her right-hand fill'd with things unfit to tell,
The left, the bloody knife that slew Miss *Bell*;
Stamford and *Loudon* walk'd in flaming red,
And *Gifford* with a jordan on her head,
In which the incense for the sacred rite,
Was neatly cover'd from the vulgar's sight.
Solus, advanc'd a garden claret blade,
Crown'd with a paper Cap, of bills unpaid,
Silent and sad as any Rogue cou'd be,
That *halter*'d rode, to dreaded *Tyburn* tree:
Behind, in snowy sattin, *Holmes* advanc'd,
In spite of ev'ry pious effort danc'd:
High on a wand the will of *Douglas* hung,
And *Bet* the praises of the Donor sung;

Round her five infants, fam'd for ſhrilleſt ſounds,
Alternate echo'd,—*Holmes five hundred pounds!*
High above all, was fam'd *Sall Parker* ſeen,
Dreſs'd in a ſooty, diſmal bumbaſin;
Drawn by three horſes in a muddy wain,
Hired at the *George* in antient *Drury-Lane*;
Her hands alternate o'er each mourner's head,
Ordure, with opium mix'd, profuſely ſpread;
Three *Negro* boys, of curſt *Antigua*'s clime,
Deputed *Cupid*'s, for the diſmal time;
Wain rumbl'd, wheels groan'd, with the weighty charge,
As muddy *Thames* does with my Lord Mayor's barge:
Two *Gambian* Virgins fan'd the painted *Doll*,
And two more bore an *Indian* par-aſol;
Next, to make up the motley, howling pack,
A Steed bore *Bence* and *Harden* back to back;
Walkers, full eighty, from the *Strand* appear,
As many Garden ſhoe-blacks, grace the rear;
A thouſand links on either ſide for grief
Weep as they burn,—and *Buckhurſt* lo! their chief.
Thus, from the realms of honour'd *Drury* came,
This grand proceſſion to the *Garden Fane*;
Of which fam'd *D—ry* was appointed prieſt;
And tho' in function greateſt, yet was leaſt!
When all were gather'd in the hallow'd rails,
Bob, from a baſket, topſy-turvy hails!
" We're here aſſembl'd on the nobleſt ſchemes,
" To mourn great *Douglas*, *Wheatherby*, and *Whemes*;

" And

" And lay the ghoſt of *Devenport* that ſtalks,
" And frights the watchmen in their midnight walks;
" And bind Miſs *Caſſel*'s ever reſtleſs ſoul,
" Who ſhocks the Hum—hums with her cloiſter'd howl;
" And to exhort each godly pious whore,
" To live, and die, as they have done before:"
This ſaid, he took the pot from *Gifford*'s head,
And o'er a crazy ſtall, the incenſe ſpread;
Which *Buckhurſt* fir'd—by order, with his link,
And thro' the mob, the wind diffus'd the ſtink;
When lo! again the prieſt, dread ſilence broke,
And thus renew'd his grating, diſmal croak:
" Earth lightly lay;—thou world revere their names,
" And juſtice do their morals, and their fames."
Whores, Bawds, and Bunters, Panders, Boys, and Men,
In cadence hoarſe, re-bellow out—*Amen.*
When in confuſion the proceſſion broke,
And ev'ry mourner march'd, eclips'd in ſmoak;
All different ways, on different errands run,
Some to undo, but more to be undone.

QUITE weary'd of my part, I quit the ſtage,
And curſe the Cringers of a lieing age:
How can an honeſt Muſe expect to live,
When Rogues, Thieves, Pimps, and dirty Bug—rs thrive:

Whoredom

Whoredom to theſe, is now a decent trade,
You ne'er meet *Honour*,——but you may a *Maid*:
I never held my tongue, or told a lie,
Int'reſt I've none,—and Int'reſt I defy;
Unhappy now is honeſt *England*'s lot,
For all but *Scotchmen* are, by G—d, forgot:
O'er the rough ſeas I'll traverſe with my rhyme,
And ſearch for honour in a *Savage* clime.

YE whores, I pity your decay'd employs,
" See half the world maintains poſterior boys:"
Go to the *Magdalene*, there pious bawl,
And *Han--w--y* kindly will accept ye all:
Bug—rs eſcape as eaſy from the jail,
As *Peter* did, when Angels gave him bail.

Adieu, ye fair,—adieu, voluptuous time,
Adieu, all fools,—ye fools, *adieu*, in Rhyme.

THE END.